

# Monsters

## Sons and Daughters

Where did you come from?  
What have we started?  
Maybe I call you a liar  
Held in command

Taken by hand  
Mistaking the words on the wire  
Take me down again  
Pull me down again

Take me down and then a a a a a  
Don't go and ask your sick little questions  
I can't find the cure for desire  
If this continues

I'm saving myself  
By putting my hands in the fire  
What's natural and real  
Like monsters we

Like banshees  
That's what we've become  
There's half a discussion and then we ask  
What kind of love we have

You know where the door is  
Can't give you myself  
Compassions just a word in a dictionary on your shelf  
Monogamy to you it seems is just black and blue

All the best psychotic lovers ain't got nothing on you